



Sunset

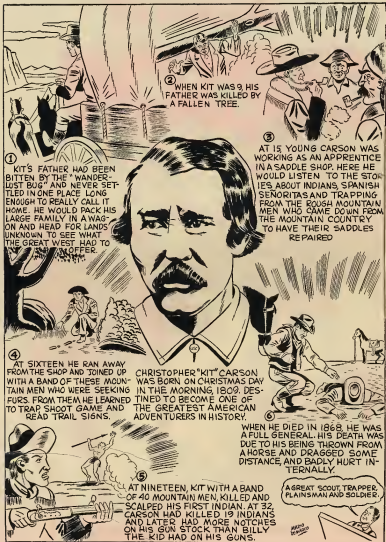
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KIT CARSON - PIONEER Story of El Paso :: Western Talk
KANSAS RAIDERS Starring: Brian Donlevy
Audie Murphy Margaret Chapman Richard Arlen

KIT CARSON-PIONEER



① KIT'S FATHER HAD BEEN BITTEN BY THE "WANDER-LOST BUG" AND NEVER SETTLED IN ONE PLACE LONG ENOUGH TO REALLY CALL IT HOME. HE WOULD PACK HIS LARGE FAMILY IN A WAGON AND HEAD FOR LANDS UNKNOWN TO SEE WHAT THE GREAT WEST HAD TO OFFER.

② WHEN KIT WAS 9, HIS FATHER WAS KILLED BY A FALLEN TREE.

③ AT 15 YOUNG CARSON WAS WORKING AS AN APPRENTICE IN A SADDLE SHOP. HERE HE WOULD LISTEN TO THE STORIES ABOUT INDIANS, SPANISH SENORITAS AND TRAPPING FROM THE ROUGH MOUNTAIN MEN WHO CAME DOWN FROM THE MOUNTAIN COUNTRY TO HAVE THEIR SADDLES REPAIRED

④ AT SIXTEEN HE RAN AWAY FROM THE SHOP AND JOINED UP WITH A BAND OF THESE MOUNTAIN MEN WHO WERE SEEKING FURS. FROM THEM HE LEARNED TO TRAP, SHOOT GAME AND READ TRAIL SIGNS.

CHRISTOPHER "KIT" CARSON WAS BORN ON CHRISTMAS DAY IN THE MORNING, 1809. DESTINED TO BECOME ONE OF THE GREATEST AMERICAN ADVENTURERS IN HISTORY.

⑥ WHEN HE DIED IN 1868, HE WAS A FULL GENERAL. HIS DEATH WAS DUE TO HIS BEING THROWN FROM A HORSE AND DRAGGED SOME DISTANCE, AND BADLY HURT INTERNALLY.

⑤ AT NINETEEN, KIT WITH A BAND OF 40 MOUNTAIN MEN, KILLED AND SCALPED HIS FIRST INDIAN. AT 32, CARSON HAD KILLED 19 INDIANS AND LATER HAD MORE NOTCHES ON HIS GUN STOCK THAN BILLY THE KID HAD ON HIS GUNS.

A GREAT SCOUT, TRAPPER, PLAINSMAN AND SOLDIER.

Sunset CARSON

AND THE
'TOO LATE'
BANDITS

IN THE ROARING CATTLE TOWNS OF THE WEST, A BANK WAS THE ONLY SAFE PLACE FOR CASH. ROBBERIES OCCURRED FREQUENTLY AND MANY IS THE RANCHER WHO HAS SOLD HIS HERD ONLY TO BE RELIEVED OF THE MONEY BEFORE IT COULD BE DEPOSITED. AGAINST THE ADVICE OF SUNSET CARSON, HIS OLD FRIEND RANCHER CASEY, REFUSED TO BANK HIS CASH... VERY MUCH TO HIS LATER SORROW...



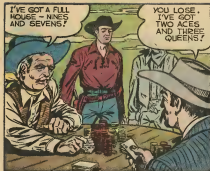
FATHER WAS PAID FOR HIS HERD THIS MORNING AND HE'S DOWN AT THE SILVER DOLLAR, GAMBLING. WE'VE GOT TO STOP HIM OR HE'LL LOSE ALL HIS MONEY.

HE'S A GROWN MAN, BETTY, AND WE CAN DO WHAT HE WANTS, HOWEVER, I'LL LOOK IN ON HIM.

HMMM... LOOKS LIKE I'M TOO LATE!

THERE'S EVERY CENT I'VE GOT! I'LL CALL YOUR HAND!





I'VE GOT A FULL HOUSE - NINES AND SEVENS!

YOU LOSE. I'VE GOT TWO ACES AND THREE QUEENS!



SO I WIN THE POT!

LET ME SEE THAT DECK. I BELIEVE YOU CHEATED ME!



NOBODY CALLS MICKEY CALHOUN A CHEAT, MISTER. TAKE THAT BACK!

HOLD IT, CALHOUN!



JUST PUT THAT GUN ON THE TABLE THERE, OR I RECKON MINE MIGHT GO OFF!

WHAT BUSINESS IS THIS OF YOURS, CARSON? HE CALLED ME A CHEAT!



YOU WERE PLAYING WITH A STACKED DECK, OLD TIMER! THE CARDS IN CALHOUN'S HAND ARE LONGER THAN THE REST. HE COULD DEAL HIMSELF THAT FULL HOUSE EVERY TIME!

YOU ORNERY CHEAT! GIVE ME BACK MY MONEY!



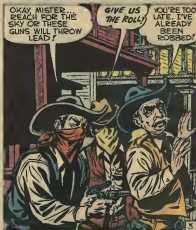
I RECKON THE JUDGE WILL HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY TO YOU ABOUT THIS, CALHOUN. LET'S GO!

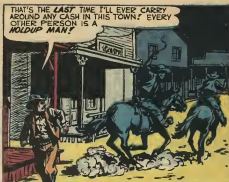
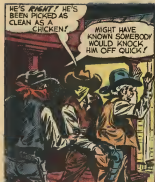


A LITTLE BIT LATER...

NOW YOU GO DOWN AND PUT THAT ROLL IN THE BANK, OLD TIMER. RIGHT NOW!

I DON'T TRUST BANKS, SUNSET. ANYBODY TRIES TO TAKE THIS MONEY WILL TASTE HOT LEAD!





WESTERN TALK



WIPES—ONE OF THE MANY NICKNAMES GIVEN FOR A COWBOY'S NECKER-CHIEF.



ROLL—A COWBOY'S SLICKER OR OIL SKIN COAT, HE WOULD ROLL THIS NEATLY BEHIND THE CANTLE OF HIS SADDLE.



BIG SCISSOR-BILL-WAS A COWHAND WHO DID HIS WORK WELL.



PUMPKIN-ROLLER, FREAKS-WAS A FEW OF THE NAMES GIVEN TO COWBOYS WHO WERE GRUMBLERS OR AGITATORS.



TENDERFOOTS-WAS A NAME ORIGINALLY GIVEN TO IMPORTED CATTLE, BUT WERE LATER ATTACHED TO HUMAN BEINGS NEW TO THE COUNTRY.



RAWHIDE- WAS A NAME GIVEN TO A MAN WHO WAS OLD IN THE WAYS OF THE WEST.



BUSTER- WAS A TOP-NOTCH COWHAND WHO MADE HIS LIVING BREAKING WILD HORSES.



SET DOWN, WAS TO BE FIRED WITH-OUT HAVING A HORSE TO RIDE AWAY, AND SUCH AN ACT SOMETIMES LED TO SHOOTINGS.



SUNSET CARSON'S MOVIE OF THE MONTH

UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL



May 120, 1951

presents
Nov 129

KANSAS RAIDERS

BRIAN DONLEVY
AS QUANTRILL

AUDIE MURPHY
AS JESSE JAMES

MARGUERITE CHAPMAN
AS KATE



RICHARD ARLEN
AS THE CAPTAIN



FIVE HORSEMEN RIDE IN-
TO LAWRENCE, KANSAS,
ON THEIR WAY TO JOIN
QUANTRILL. HE IS THE
LEADER OF A GUERRILLA
BAND IN THE WEST THAT
IS BURNING AND LOOT-
ING UNION TOWNS IN THE
NAME OF THE CONFED-
ERACY



THE RIDERS ARE YOUNG,
NONE OF THEM BEING
OVER 21 AND A COUPLE
OF THEM APPEARING
TO BE STILL IN THEIR
TEENS. THEY ARE JESSE
JAMES, FRANK JAMES
KIT DALTON, COLE
YOUNGER AND JIM
YOUNGER



CITIZENS OF LAWRENCE AND SOME
UNION SOLDIERS OCCUPYING THE
CITY LOOK WITH SUSPICION ON
THE YOUNG HORSEMEN.



THEY ARE TAKEN INTO CUSTODY BY THE SOLDIERS AND THREATENED WITH HANGING BECAUSE THEY ARE SUSPECTED QUANTRILL RAIDERS. A UNION CAPTAIN INTERCEDES, SAVING THE BOYS FROM VIOLENCE AND ORDERING THEM OUT OF TOWN.



THE LADS REACH QUANTRILL'S CAMP AND ARE SEEN FIRST BY KATE, QUANTRILL'S HOUSE-KEEPER. SHE WARNS JESSE AGAINST JOINING THE "BUTCHER BRIGADE"



QUANTRILL IS PLAINLY IMPRESSED BY YOUNG JESSE'S QUALITIES OF LEADERSHIP AT THEIR FIRST MEETING.



BUT BILL ANDERSON, QUANTRILL'S TOP LIEUTENANT TAKES AN IMMEDIATE DISLIKE TO JESSE



QUANTRILL DECIDES TO TEST JESSE'S BRAVERY AND FIGHTING-ABILITY HE HAS TATE NEXT IN COMMAND TO ANDERSON, PROVOKE A FIGHT WITH JESSE, WHO KILLS TATE WITH A KNIFE



IMPRESSED BY JESSE'S DEADLY FIGHTING QUALITIES QUANTRILL MAKES THE LAD LEADER OF THE YOUNGER FIGHTERS. ANDERSON VIGOROUSLY OBJECTS BUT THEN THE GUERRILLA REGIMENT MOVES OUT ON A RAID.



ON THIS FIRST RAID JESSE AND FRANK JAMES REALIZE THAT QUANTRILL IS INDEED A BLOODTHIRSTY MURDERER.



THE 100 MEN IN HIS COMMAND, BEARING A BLACK FLAG, SWOOP DOWN ON A FARMING SETTLEMENT AND KILL, LOOT AND BURN.



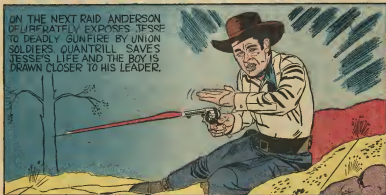
UNION SOLDIERS BILLETED THERE ARE SHOT DOWN REGARDLESS OF THE FACT THAT THEY ARE UNARMED. THE SIGHT OF THIS WANTON DESTRUCTION IS REVOLTING TO JESSE, AND FRANK SHARES HIS FEELINGS.



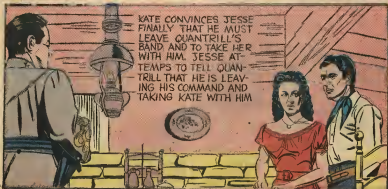
BACK AT CAMP JESSE AND KATE, NOW IN LOVE, DISCUSS THE EVILS OF SUCH MURDEROUS RAIDS. KATE WARNS JESSE AGAIN THAT NO GOOD CAN COME OF HIS ASSOCIATION WITH THE GUERRILLAS, BUT JESSE HAS FALLEN UNDER THE SPELL OF QUANTRILL'S MAGNETISM AND RETAINS SOME BELIEF IN HIM.

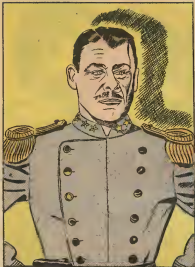


ON THE NEXT RAID ANDERSON DELIBERATELY EXPOSES JESSE TO DEADLY GUNFIRE BY UNION SOLDIERS. QUANTRILL SAVES JESSE'S LIFE AND THE BOY IS DRAWN CLOSER TO HIS LEADER.



KATE CONVINCES JESSE FINALLY THAT HE MUST LEAVE QUANTRILL'S BAND AND TO TAKE HER WITH HIM. JESSE ATTEMPTS TO TELL QUANTRILL THAT HE IS LEAVING HIS COMMAND AND TAKING KATE WITH HIM





QUANTRILL, ANTICIPATING JUST SUCH AN ANNOUNCEMENT, TURNS ON THE FULL FORCE OF HIS PERSONALITY AND INFLUENCE OVER THE BOY. JESSE ENDS BY DECIDING AGAINST SUCH A MOVE.



KATE IS BITTERLY DISAPPOINTED. SHE WARNS JESSE THAT QUANTRILL LIED WHEN HE PROMISED JESSE THERE WOULD BE NO MORE WANTON KILLING ON RAIDS.



THE RAIDERS PREPARE TO ATTACK LAWRENCE, THE BIGGEST OBJECTIVE THEY HAVE EVER ASSAULTED



QUANTRILL ASSUMES THE AIR OF A NAPOLEON IN HIS BATTLE PLANNING

THE TOWN IS TAKEN AND LOOTED,



AND QUANTRILL HAS A LARGE BAG
FULL OF WEALTH



ANDERSON KILLS WANTONLY

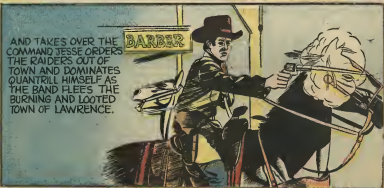


AND JESSE KILLS HIM IN A HAND
TO HAND FIGHT



AND TAKES OVER THE
COMMAND JESSE ORDERS
THE RAIDERS OUT OF
TOWN AND DOMINATES
QUANTRILL HIMSELF AS
THE BAND FLEES THE
BURNING AND LOOTED
TOWN OF LAWRENCE.

BARBER



LARGE DETACHMENTS OF UNION CAVALRY ARE EVERYWHERE NOW SEARCHING FOR QUANTRILL.



AND THE RAIDERS SPLIT UP THE MAIN BODY GOING ONE WAY.



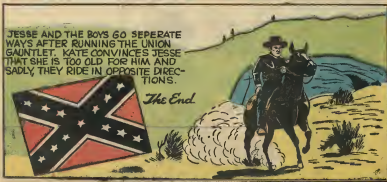
AND JESSE'S LITTLE GROUP WITH QUANTRILL AND KATE, ANOTHER.



EVENTUALLY QUANTRILL, BLINDED BY GUNFIRE, RUSHES OUT OF HIDING AND IS KILLED.



JESSE AND THE BOYS GO SEPERATE WAYS AFTER RUNNING THE UNION GAUNTLET. KATE CONVINCES JESSE THAT SHE IS TOO OLD FOR HIM AND SADLY, THEY RIDE IN OPPOSITE DIRECTIONS.



SUNSET CARSON'S WESTERN PAGE



2 BILLY BONNEY, ALIAS "BILLY THE KID" WHO WAS KILLED AT THE AGE OF 21, HAD 21 NOTCHES ON HIS GUN HANDLE.



1 ANNIE OAKLEY, WHEN ON TOUR IN EUROPE, ONCE SHOT A CIGARETTE OUT OF THE MOUTH OF THE KAISER- IF HER AIM HAD BEEN BAD SHE MAY HAVE PREVENTED WORLD WAR ONE!

5 BACK ABOUT 1890, W. F. CALVER, ONE OF THE GREATEST SHOTS OF THE WORLD HAD EVER SEEN. IN ONE YEAR HE KILLED OVER 6,000 BUFFALO.



1 THE GREATEST KNOWN SWINDLER OF THE WEST WAS A RANCHER BY THE NAME OF DON JAMES. HE OBTAINED LAND BY SWINDLE, WHICH WAS 225 MILES LONG BY 75 MILES WIDE - 12,000,000 ACRES AND 5,000 HEAD OF CATTLE.

Sunset Carson Traps Two Skunks

Even when Carl Becker grinned he couldn't conceal the ugliness of his heart nor the meanness of his soul. The long scar on the left side of his face was a constant reminder of the time he had tried to cheat a man in Los Negos. His thick heavy hands were resting on a table in his hotel room as he spoke to his partner.

"Stop worrying, Pete. I have gone over this a hundred times with you. And get that fellow Sunset Carson out of your mind. He may be tops with the western folks but I don't think he has ever been up against people like us. We're going to get twenty thousand dollars from Banker Jones and Sunset will be our alibi. Everyone in town knows we are offering that sum of money for the McCandles Ranch. Tomorrow at two-thirty we'll have that cash in our pockets and Sunset will be minus one friend."

The big clock in Banker Jones' private office showed the hour hand on the two and the minute hand on the five. "Sunset Carson is always prompt, gentleman," assured the banker. "He will be here at twenty minutes to three as you both requested. He knows that the McCandles Ranch is on the old Spanish grant. The courts have upheld that grant so you will have no problem about getting a good title to the land. Now if you give me the twenty thousand dollars I will give you the deed."

Pete Loomis looked at his partner for a signal. There was a slight nod of the head. "You have twenty thousand dollars in your safe," said Pete. "As a matter of good faith we would like to see that cash before we put our money on the desk. You said your bank would advance us an equal amount as a loan on the security of United States Bonds." Pete put his hand into the inside pocket of his coat and when he withdrew it he had a fat envelope in his possession. The banker arose from his seat and went to a large iron safe on the other side of the room. He turned the dial until he had the right combination and then opened the door. From the cash box inside he withdrew two

packages of National Bank Notes. Then he returned to his seat. "Here you have twenty thousand dollars in one hundred dollar bills. Give me the bonds and you may have this money as an for one year."

As he finished the words Banker Jones found himself looking into the muzzle of a .45. "What's the joke, gentlemen?" he said without betraying any nervousness. Pete arose and closed the safe door. Then he opened a window facing the banker. The minutes on the clock were ticking away. This was the time to act. Pete took out a large knife and advancing towards the banker drove it right into his heart. Then, as the body fell to the floor Carl Becker pocketed the money. "Yell for help," he shouted. "I'll shoot out of this window. That ought to bring a mob to the banker."

Sunset Carson was a short distance away from the bank. The famous man of the West wasn't too busy to return the constant greetings he received from all who knew him—and that included the entire town of Ridgeville. Suddenly five shots greeted his ears and then a call for help. "It's from the bank," said a man walking near Sunset. He rushed across the street and up the stairs in one bound.

There were others ahead of him in the bank. "Someone threw a knife through the window" suggested a voice. "Bet it must be that Mexican Pedro. Everyone knows he swore he would kill the banker when they foreclosed the mortgage on his land."

Sheriff Ben Johnson came to the side of Sunset. "Guess we ought to take the knife out of poor Jones. He's done for and nothing more we can do for him." But Sunset had to disagree. "Leave the knife in his body. If you take it out he will bleed to death. There may be a spark of life in him. Get Doc Hendley here at once. Clear the bank and leave everything as it is. Then we will see if we can find any witnesses to this terrible crime."

Carl Becker and Pete Loomis repeated to perfection their rehearsed story. "Couldn't very

well see the face of the man who threw that knife," said Pete. "But I think you shouldn't have any trouble finding him. This means we don't buy the ranch so I guess my partner and I will go back to St. Louis."

"You don't leave town until I give the order," snapped back the sheriff. "And furthermore, you two are going to stay in a cell until I get a few things straightened out." That was an unexpected turn of events. But Carl Becker was ready for the situation. "Look here sheriff, we want to help you in any way we can. If you want to keep us overnight in jail we can't protest. But no longer or I'll get a writ from the judge. We are only witnesses to a terrible crime. Keep that in mind."

Outside in back of the bank the sheriff found Sunset Carson walking up and down with a knife in his hand. "What's eating you Sunset," asked the sheriff. "At a minute like this I thought you would be with your friend inside the bank." There was a grave look on the westerner's face as he answered. "He's still unconscious. Doc Hendley and a nurse from the railroad camp are with him. Doc took the knife out and this is it. I'm trying to figure out the crime. Now you come with me and do a bit of reasoning."

Sunset walked to a distance of about twenty feet from the window and pointed to a patch of mud. "To throw that knife with force and accuracy you would have to be at this spot," he explained. "But where are the footprints? I can't find a single pair of them. And I have been throwing this knife at a board. It isn't a throwing knife but a hunting knife without true balance. It's made by Smith and Chester of Buffalo. Do you think Pedro has enough money to buy such a knife? It's fairly new so it probably was purchased within the last few months. I think those two fellows plotted this entire thing. And the worse part of it is that if the banker dies without identifying his killer they go free. They probably have his cash but we can't even prove that. I have an idea. I'll need help from you and your deputy, Lou Abelles. If it works then we get the killers to trap themselves."

That evening the sheriff was seated outside the cell when his deputy came over to him all excited. "Here you are while the whole town is getting madder and madder. Talk about a lynching. Doc Hendley says Banker Jones will recover. The knife didn't go into his heart. Seems the blade went in at an angle. Did bad damage but Jones will live. Expect him to re-

gain consciousness by tomorrow morning. Then he'll identify the two men. People in town already claim they know who they are."

Cold sweat began to pour down the forehead of Carl Becker. Especially the mention of "two men" and "lynching" helped to worry him. He watched as the deputy left and then beckoned to his partner. He pointed to the sheriff's left hand which was touching the bars. Quietly he walked over to the sheriff and grabbed the hand. "If you yell out," he warned, "I'll break the wrist right off." Then he gave orders to his partner. "Get his gun and then make him open up."

The sheriff released the two men from the jail. They bound and gagged him. Look as they may, they couldn't find any other firearms around the place. They walked out through the back door and saw two horses hitched to a rail. "We got one chance and that's to get over the border to Mexico. Don't want to remain here for a necktie party. That knife should have killed the banker. And we haven't got any money on us. The sheriff said the money was sent to the bank for safe keeping. Let's go."

As they mounted the horses Sunset Carson and the deputy appeared as though from nowhere. Carl fired directly at the deputy and saw the body slump down to the ground. One shot from Sunset Carson and the gun fell from Carl's hand. As though by magic, a hundred armed citizens appeared on the ground. It was all over before it began. The two men surrendered.

Carl and Pete faced Sunset, the sheriff and a group of angry men inside the sheriff's office. "You can only be hung once," lamented Carl. So I killed the deputy. Yes, we planned the entire thing. Seemed fool proof but I guess only a fool will try to tangle with Sunset Carson. I'll write it out for you as you asked me."

When the confession had been written and witnessed, the door opened as the deputy walked into the room. Carl and Pete almost turned white as a corpse came to life. "What's this?" Carl managed to say, and then gasped for air.

"You two skunks certainly trapped yourself," explained Carson. "Banker Jones died. The knife went into his heart. That meant you would go free as he could never identify you. We planned this little game. The gun you shot at the deputy had blanks. You fell for the little act and busted out of jail—to your doom."

(THE END)

Sunset CARSON in "FRONTIER TOWN"

BONG
BONG

THE CYCLE OF YEARS FOLLOWING THE CIVIL WAR FOUND THE COUNTRY ENTERING A NEW ERA. THE EAST WAS FACED WITH AN AGE OF THE ELECTRIC LIGHT AND TALL BUILDINGS WHILE THE WEST, WAGON TRAINS OF SETTLERS PUSHED IN MASS, ENDLESSLY ACROSS THE MOUNTAINS AND DESERTS, THE WINNING OF THE WEST WAS UNDERWAY.

WAGON TRAIN
COMIN'... WAGON
TRAIN COMIN'!

EASTERNERS
WELCOME TO
TUSCOSA, TEXAS
Pride of the PANHANDLE
EL PASO 37 M.
DODGE CITY 200 M.

GAG-



CARSON'S THE
NAME SUNSET
CARSON! WHAT
SEEMS TO BE
THE TROUBLE
WITH YOU
MAM?

WITH ALL THE
FRETtin'
CRYSTAL
AND BEN'S
DOIN', YOU'D
THINK I WAS
ON MY LAST LEGS.
JUST STRAINED
MYSELF THAT'S ALL!

MOTHER WAS TAKEN
DOWN WITH SEVERE
PAIN DURING OUR
TRIP DOWN HERE
FROM DODGE CITY.
WE THOUGHT WE'D
NEVER GET
HER TO A
DOCTOR.

TUSCOSA ISN'T MY
STAMPING GROUNDS,
BUT I KNOW WHERE
THERE'S A GOOD DOC-
TOR IN TOWN TODAY.
OLD DOC JULIP. THE
BEST DOCTOR,
DENTIST AND
MEDICINE MAN
WEST OF ST. LOUIE!



LATER

WHAT'S THE VERDICT
DOC? WILL SHE BE ALL
RIGHT TO TRAVEL TO-
MORROW WHEN THE
WAGONS START MOVIN'
AGAIN?

'FRAID NOT
SUNSET... SHE'S
PRETTY
SERIOUS!



WITH AN INTERNAL
HEMORRHAGE LIKE HERS
SHE WON'T BE GOIN'
NOWHERE FOR QUITE
A SPELL BETTER
YOU FOLKS LET THE
WAGONS GO WITHOUT
YOU, TOMORROW!

OF COURSE
WE WILL...



AFTER COMIN' ALL THIS
WAY FROM OHIO, YOU CAN'T
LINGER FOR ME, BEN! IF
YOU LOOSE THAT WAGON
TRAIN TOMORROW, IT
MAY BE WEEKS BEFORE
ANOTHER ONE COMES
THIS WAY! WE'LL NEVER
GET A HOME STAKE!

DON'T
MATTER
EMMY!



...WE SAVED EVERY CENT
TO MAKE THIS TRIP...
YOU GO ON WITHOUT ME
BEN, AN' FIND US THAT
NEW SETTlin' PLACE!
SOON AS I'M BETTER
YOU CAN SEND FOR
ME

MA'S RIGHT,
FATHER...
I'LL STAY
HERE WITH
HER. WE'LL
BE ALL-
RIGHT!



LOOKS LIKE IT'S SETTLED
SINCE THE WOMEN FOLK
OUT NUMBER YOU BEN....
I'LL KEEP AN EYE THAT
NOTHING HAPPENS TO
THEM AFTER YOU
GO!



I'LL GIVE HER SOME PILLS
TO LIGHTEN THE PAINS TIL,
I CAN OPERATE... SHE AN'
YOUR DAUGHTER CAN BUNK
DOWN IN MY MEDICINE
WAGON TIL YOU SEND
FOR THEM!

I DON'T
KNOW
HOW
TO
REPAY
YOU,
DOC..



MAYBE YOU CAN TAKE MY
NEW BOTTLE O'SNAKE BITE
CURE ALONG WITH YOU, CASE
ANYBODY GETS BIT ON THAT TRIP!
I AIN'T HAD TIME TO TEST IT
YET!



IT'S THE ONLY
BOTTLE I MADE
OF THE STUFF...
YOU CAN LET
ME KNOW
LATER IF IT
WORKS OR
NOT..

CERTAINLY!
MEANTIME
I'D BETTER
GO BED DOWN
MY TEAM...
THOSE
SCHOONERS
WILL BE ROLLIN'
AT SUN-UP!



MEANTIME
IN TOWN

BLAKE!

I GOTTA SEE
YOU GUNTHER!
..WITH A MILL-
ION BUCKS AT
STAKE THE
BOYS ARE
GETTIN'
JUMPY WAITIN'
AROUND FOR
ORDERS!



I TOLD YOU NEVER TO COME
HERE TO THE BANK! IF ANY
OF THE PEOPLE IN THIS
COW-TOWN CONNECT YOU
WITH ME, WE'LL LOSE
EVERYTHING I'VE WORKED
FOR THESE PAST FIVE
YEARS!

I
CAME
IN THE
BACK
WAY!



SO FAR, I'VE GAINED THE RESPECT
OF EVERYBODY IN TASCOSA...TO THEM,
I'M THE PRESIDENT OF THIS BANK
AND THEIR NUMBER ONE
CITIZEN...THERE'S EVEN
TALK OF MAKING ME
MAYOR!



I'VE WORKED TOO LONG SURE,
PREPARING THIS HAUL
TO HAVE YOU AND THE
REST OF MY CHEAP
GUN-HAPPY GANG SOUR
MY BRAINWORK BY
SHOOTING UP THE PLACE
I'M STILL A BOSS!



WHEN I GIVE THE WORD
THERE'LL BE PLENTY OF GUN
PLAY..IF THINGS WORK LIKE
I'VE PLANNED, WE'LL ALL BE ON
EASY STREET!



WITH THE GOVERNMENT OPENING THOSE
NEW RESERVATIONS UP IN THE INDIAN TERRITORY
NORTH OF HERE, EVERY RED SKIN IN THE
STATE WILL BE MOVED OUT OF HERE
BAG AND BAGGAGE BY NEXT WEEK.!



AN'
THAT'S
WHERE WE COME
IN, EH, GUNTHER?

THE INDIANS HOLD MOST ALL THE LAND
IN THESE PARTS...THE MOMENT THEY
ABANDON THEIR TEEPEES, THIS AREA AROUND
HERE BECOMES PUBLIC LAND! FIRST ONE THERE,
GETS IT! THE HOMESTEADERS WILL
FLOCK THERE



I WANT YOU AND THE BOYS TO
MAKE SURE THAT NO
HOMESTEADERS GET
THERE FIRST,
BLAKE!
SAVVY?



TAKE MY
WORD, BOSS!
ANY HOMESTEADERS
LOOKING FOR
FREE LAND IN
THESE PARTS
WILL GET IT...
SIX FEET
OF IT!

SCENE: ALONG THE TRAIL JUST SOUTH OF TUSCOSA

HAUL REINS, BEN!
WE'RE CIRCLING THE
WAGONS HERE FOR
THE NIGHT!

WHAT'S UP?



WE JUST GOT WORD THAT
THIS WHOLE SECTION OF THE
COUNTRY WILL BE **PUBLIC
LAND** TOMORROW MORNIN'.
THE CAVALRY IS GONNA MOVE
THESE INJUNS OUT HERE AT
SUN-UP!

TARNATION!
IT'S A **MIRACLE!**



BETTER CATCH SOME SHUT-
EYE, BEN...COMES DAWN,
YOU'LL WANT TO BE UP AN'
READY TO STAKE A HOME SITE
WITH THE REST OF US
HOMESTEADERS!



AS NIGHT AND SLEEP ENVELOPES THE
CIRCLE OF WAGONS, A GROUP OF HORSE-
MEN ON THE NEARBY RIDGE SILENTLY
AWAIT ORDERS....

WHEN ARE WE GOING TO
START THIS **MASSACRE
BLAKE?**

AS SOON AS THE
BIG BOSS GETS HERE

HERE HE COMES
NOW **BLAKE!**



NICE GOING, **BLAKE!**...I SEE YOU AND
THE BOYS CARRIED OUT MY ORDERS SO
FAR! IF I DIDN'T **PLAN** THIS PARTY
MYSELF, I'D **SWEAR**
YOU WERE **REAL
RED-SKINS!**

AS THE **BRAINS**
OF THIS OUTFIT, I THOUGHT
YOU WERE RIDING WITH
US FOR THE KILL, GUNTHER.
WHERE'S YOUR
INJUN COSTUME?



IT SEEMS A RATTLESNAKE
NIBBLED ON MY ARM THIS
AFTERNOON WHILE I WAS ON
MY RANCH....I'VE BEEN DOWN
AT OLD DOC JULIP'S WAGON
ALL DAY GETTIN'
PATCHED UP!



THE AFTERMATH OF A SNAKE BITE LEAVES YOU IN NO CONDITION TO SLING A RIFLE!... YOU'LL HAVE TO DO THIS JOB WITHOUT ME... AND DON'T BUNGLE IT!



GO IN AND WIPE OUT EVERY HOMESTEADER IN THAT CARAVAN BUT ONE! HE'LL LIVE TO TELL HOW THE TRAIN WAS AMBUSHED BY REDSKINS! FOLKS WILL BLAME IT ON THESE LOCAL INDIAN TRIBES



DISGUISED IN FULL INDIAN WAR PAINT, GUNTHER'S MEN SWOOP DOWN ON THE SLEEPING WAGON TRAIN.....

...AND MINUTES LATER, RIDE OFF INTO THE HILLS LEAVING THEIR TOLL OF DEAD AND BLAZING PRAIRIE SCHOONERS.....

INJUNS!



NEXT MORNING

WHAT'S ALL THE COMMOTION THIS FINE MORNING, GENTS?

THAT WAGON TRAIN THAT PASSED THROUGH HERE YESTERDAY WAS MASSACRED DOWN IN THE INDIAN DISTRICT LAST NIGHT, MR. GUNTHER!



THIS IS HORRIBLE! THE REDSKINS! WHO DID IT?

WHEN THE CAVALRY CAME TO MOVE THOSE INDIANS OUT OF THAT DISTRICT, THIS MORNING, THEY FOUND THE WHOLE TRAIN BURNED OUT AND KILLED OFF!...THE CAVALRY'S TAKEN THEM ALL INTO CUSTODY...!



ARMY JUSTICE IS TOO GOOD FOR THOSE RED-SKINS! AS YOUR BANKER ALL YOU FOLKS KNOW I'M A PEACE-LIKING CITIZEN, BUT WHEN THOSE INDIANS KILL HARMLESS SETTLERS, THAT'S TOO MUCH!! I'M FOR WIPING THEM OUT!! NOW!

MR. GUNTHER'S RIGHT!

'WE'LL FORM A VIGILANTE POSSE AND GO DOWN THERE AND TAKE THOSE BLOOD-THIRSTY INJUNS AWAY FROM THOSE ARMY BOYS!

HOLD ON THERE, MEN!

I'M AFRAID THAT MASSACRE WAS NO INDIANS' DOINGS! I JUST CAME BACK FROM THERE!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, STRANGER? WHO ARE YOU?

I'M SUNSET CARSON.. I WAS SENT HERE TO TOSCOSA BY THE U.S. ARMY GENERALS' HEADQUARTERS AT FORT SUMMER AS INDIAN REPRESENTATIVE FOR THIS AREA..!

INDIAN REPRESENTATIVE ???

SINCE WHEN DID RED-SKINS RATE A U.S. GOVERNMENT AGENT ??

TIMES ARE CHANGING, GUNTHER! THE WEST ISN'T WILD ANYMORE, SINCE THE RAILROADS HAVE REACHED DODGE CITY. THE DAYS OF INDIAN WARS ARE OVER!

WITH THE INDIANS AT PEACE THE GOVERNMENT HAS PROMISED THEM CITIZENSHIP AND PROTECTION! AND I'M HERE TO SEE THAT THEY GET IT!

WHAT ABOUT THE WAGON TRAIN THEY KNOCKED OFF LAST NIGHT? THERE'S A WITNESS...THE ONLY SURVIVOR!

INDIANS NEVER SHOE THEIR HORSES... ALL THE TRACKS AT THE SCENE OF THE MASSACRE SHOW WELL SHOD HORSES-WHITE MEN'S HORSES!



... AND DON'T YOU THINK IT STRANGE THAT NOT A SINGLE SCALP WAS TAKEN FROM THE DEAD? INDIANS HAVE THAT HABIT DURING BATTLE!

CARSON'S RIGHT, GUNTHER... THIS IS A JOB FOR GOVERNMENT INVESTIGATORS!



LATER IN THE BANK

YOU FOOLS! YOU STUPID IDIOTS! YOU BUNGLED THE WHOLE THING LAST NIGHT!



WE DID LIKE YOU ORDERED, GUNTHER! WHAT WENT WRONG?

EVERYTHING! A U.S. INDIAN AGENT NAMED CARSON HAS BEEN SNOOPING AROUND THE WAGONS YOU KNOCKED OFF LAST NIGHT AND FOUND SHOE MARKS FROM YOUR HORSES!



SHOE MARKS? SO ANY DOPE KNOWS SO WHAT? THESE LOCAL RED-SKINS NEVER SHOE THEIR HORSES NOW EVERYBODY KNOWS IT WAS PLANNED BY WHITE MEN!



THAT CARSON GUY'S RIGHT ON OUR TAILS, AND HE LOOKS SMART ENOUGH TO SMOKE US OUT BEFORE HE'S THROUGH!

I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM GUNTHER!



WHILE ME AN' MY TRUSTY .45 ARE
OUT INTRODUCIN' OURSELVES TO HIM
HERE'S A LITTLE PRESENT
I BROUGHT YOU
FOR THAT SNAKE-
BITE YOU GOT.



"DR. JULIP'S
SNAKE-BITE CURE!"

"YEAH! WASN'T I LUCKY?... I FOUND
IT NEXT TO AN OLD GEEZER THAT
I KNOCKED OFF IN THAT WAGON
MASSACRE LAST NIGHT"



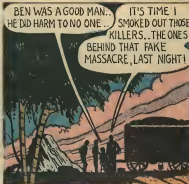
LATER I WOULD RATHER
HAVE GIVEN MY RIGHT ARM
THAN HAD TO BE THE ONE TO TELL
BOTH OF YOU ABOUT BEN'S DEATH

WE KNOW
IT, SUNSET



BEN WAS A GOOD MAN..
HE DID HARM TO NO ONE ..

IT'S TIME I
SMOKED OUT THOSE
KILLERS.. THE ONES
BEHIND THAT FAKE
MASSACRE, LAST NIGHT!



I'M WITH YOU ON THAT, SUNSET!
I MAY BE AN OLD PILL-PUSHER
AT HEART, BUT I CAN SLING A
MEAN RIFLE!



AT THIS INSTANT
CLOSE BY...

ARE YOU SURE THAT GUY WE
FOLLOWED OUT HERE FROM TOWN'IS
SUNSET CARSON, THE INDIAN AGENT?

SURE AS I AM
THAT YOUR NAME'S
BLAKE!



THEN GIVE ME ROOM
I'M GONNA STOP HIM FROM
BREATHIN' THROUGH THAT
BIG SNOOPIN' NOSE OF HIS!

DON'T MISS,
BLAKE!..HE'S
THE BEST SHOT
IN TEXAS!



THE MOMENT HE STICKS HIS NOSE
NEAR THIS BANK, WE'RE GOIN'
TO GIVE HIM SOME LEAD
FILLINGS FOR
HIS TEETH!!

NOT IF I CAN
HELP IT, BLAKE!



GUNTHER! YOU
DOUBLE...
CROSSIN'-----



CARSON!
YOU'RE JUST
IN TIME!

THEY'RE BOTH
DEAD!...
WHY DID
YOU DO IT,
GUNTHER?



THEY WERE OUTLAWS,
WEREN'T THEY? I ONLY DID
WHAT ANY DECENT
CITIZEN WOULD HAVE
DONE UNDER THE
CIRCUMSTANCES!



HOW DID YOU KNOW
THEY WERE OUTLAWS,
GUNTHER?

WELL I....?!!



I'M TAKING YOU INTO
THE MARSHALL'S OFFICE
AND THIS TIME I'VE GOT
THE BRAIN BEHIND THE
WAGON MASSACRE GANG!

YOU CAN'T
PROVE IT, CARSON!



I'M AFRAID I CAN,
GUNTHER...YOU SEE, THAT
LITTLE BOTTLE OF DOC
JULIP'S SNAKE-BITE CURE
ON YOUR DESK WILL
HANG YOU!

WHAT?



TWO WEEKS LATER

IT DIDN'T TAKE THE
JURY LONG TO SENTENCE
GUNTHER FOR MURDER.
SUNSET... ALL IT TOOK
WAS OUR TESTIMONY
ABOUT THE BOTTLE O'
SNAKE-BITE OIL BEIN'
ON BEN WHEN HE WAS
KILLED.



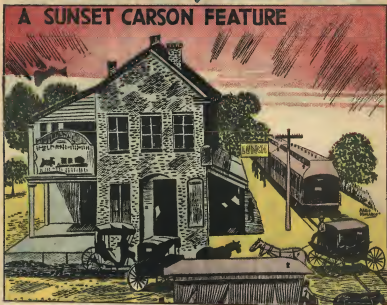
SINCE IT WAS THE ONLY BOTTLE I
MADE O'THE STUFF, GUNTHER COULDN'T
HAVE HAD IT IN HIS OFFICE.
LESS HE WAS IN ON
THE MASSACRE!

AT LEAST
IF IT DIDN'T CURE SNAKE
BITE, IT SURE CURED A
SNAKE THIS TIME, DOC!



EL PASO, TEXAS

A SUNSET CARSON FEATURE



EL PASO WAS SITUATED IN TEXAS, CLOSE TO THE MEXICAN BORDER. IT WAS A PORT OF ESCAPE FOR NEARLY EVERY OUTLAW, GAMBLER, MURDERER WHO HAD A RUN-IN WITH THE LAW AND WAS "HIGH TAILING" IT WHERE "JOHNNY LAW" WOULD NOT DARE SHOW HIS BADGE. NEARLY ALL OF THESE BADMEN CAME FROM THE STATES OF ARIZONA AND NEW MEXICO.



THE TOWN WAS FOUNDED BY MEXICANS, IT WAS GIVEN THE NAME 'EL PASO DE NORTE' WHICH MEANT, PASS TO THE NORTH.



IN 1842 A GROUP OF AMERICANS STARTED A TRADING POST THERE. A FEW YEARS LATER IT WAS A BOOMING SALOON TOWN.



GUNFIGHTS AND KILLINGS IN THE STREETS OF EL PASO WERE COMMON. IT SEEMED LIKE A DULL NIGHT WHEN SOME TRIGGER HAPPY GUNMAN DIDN'T GET SHOT IN A GUNFIGHT.



LAW MEN WERE HARD TO GET, IF ONE WAS ELECTED IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE HE WAS EITHER RUN OUT OF TOWN OR SHOT. JOHN SELMAN, WAS ELECTED INTO OFFICE, THE TOWN CITIZENS SOON REALIZED THEIR ERROR.



HE DEMANDED A MONTHLY RAKE-OFF FROM THE LOCAL GAMBLING HALLS AND BUSINESS MERCHANTS.



HE WOULD SHOOT ANY MAN WHO WOULD DARE RUN UP AGAINST HIM FOR OFFICE. HE HELD THIS PROFITABLE JOB FOR FOUR YEARS AND HAD ABOUT 25 MURDERS TO HIS CREDIT.



HE WAS NO HERO WHEN IT CAME TO SHOOTING AND KILLED MOST OF HIS VICTIMS EITHER IN THE BACK OR—



WHILE HIDING, AS HE DID IN THE CASE OF HIS 24TH VICTIM, JOHN WESLEY, WHO WAS CONSIDERED ONE OF THE FASTEST GUNMEN IN THE WEST. HE SHOT WESLEY IN BACK WHILE HE WAS ROLLING DICE IN A NEARBY SALOON.

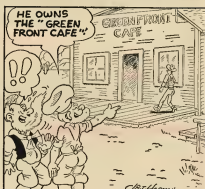
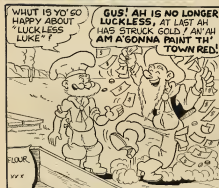


THE LAST OF HIS VICTIMS WAS AN EX TEXAS RANGER BY THE NAME OF BASS OUTLAW. HE AMBUSHED OUTLAW WHILE HE CAME OUT OF A SALOON AND DIED AS HE HIT THE GROUND.



JOHN SELMAN'S END CAME WHEN HE WAS SHOT TO DEATH BY GEORGE SCARBOROUGH. WITH THE DEATH OF SELMAN, THE TOWN OF EL PASO SETTLED DOWN TO LIVING IN PEACE.







"Why don't you try to put
Some weight on?"

"Aw, I guess I was just
'naturally-born' skinny!"

BUNK!

NOBODY IS JUST "Naturally"

SKINNY!

Give Me 15 Minutes A Day And I'll
Give YOU A NEW BODY

WOULD you believe it? I was once a skinny 97-pound weakling. People used to laugh at my spindly build. I was ashamed to strip for sports or for a swim. Girls snickered at me behind my back. Folks said I was just "naturally-born skinny!"

Then I discovered my marvelous new muscle-building system—"Dynamic Tension." And it turned me into such a complete specimen of MANHOOD that today I hold the title, "THE WORLD'S MOST PERFECTLY DEVELOPED MAN."

ARE YOU

Sore and
run down?
Always tired?
Nervous?
Lacking in
Confidence?
Convinced?
Suffering
from bad
breath?
Do you want
to gain weight?
**WHAT TO
DO ABOUT
IT is told on
this page!**

"Dynamic Tension" is the easy, NATURAL method that you can practice in the privacy of your own room—JUST 15 MINUTES EACH DAY—while your scrawny chest and shoulder muscles begin to swell . . . those spindly arms and legs of yours bulge . . . and your whole body starts to feel full of zip, ambition, self-confidence, and new energy!

**"Dynamic Tension"
Builds You NATURALLY**

Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give you no gadgets or contraptions to fool with. You simply utilize the dormant muscle-power in your own body. In a very short time, you'll watch it grow and multiply into real, solid, rippling, LIVE MUSCLE.

WHAT'S MY SECRET?

When you look in the mirror and see a healthy, husky, strapping fellow smiling back at you—then you'll be astonished at how fast "Dynamic Tension" GETS RESULTS!

*Charles
Atlas*

Awarded
the title
of "The
World's
Most
Perfectly
Developed
Man" in
an international
contest.

**CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 135 B
115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.**

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Energizing Health and Strength."

Name _____ Age _____
(Please print or write plainly)

Address _____

City _____ State _____

FREE BOOK Mail coupon now. I'll send my illustrated book, "Energizing Health and Strength." Tells about my "Dynamic Tension" method. Shows photos of men I've made into Atlas Champions. It's a valuable book! And it's FREE. Mail coupon to me personally, CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 135 B, 115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.

